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The Evening World Prints Associated Press News.

TEN MONTHS' GAIN.

The actual average number of copies of THE WORLD printed daily in the past ten months was:

APRIL.....	307,732
MAY.....	309,518
JUNE.....	311,635
JULY.....	326,755
AUGUST.....	317,366
SEPTEMBER.....	321,791
OCTOBER.....	315,282
NOVEMBER.....	326,707
DECEMBER.....	333,272
JANUARY.....	340,589

The actual average number of copies of THE WORLD printed daily during the FIRST TEN DAYS of the present month was:

408,526.

LET ALL BE COUNTED NOW.

Next Tuesday will see the work of a new census of the State begun. It is to be a fair count this time, and New York and Brooklyn, suffering from the inaccuracies of the Porter enumeration, are especially interested in seeing that the men who make the count are aided in every possible way.

It is essential that both cities should have at Albany and at Washington the just share of representation to which they are entitled and out of which they have long been kept. The word for Tuesday, therefore, and for the succeeding days devoted to the census-taking is a general one: "Stand up and be counted."

Let every citizen make sure that he and his are on the list, and if there is any way in which he can make sure that his neighbors are also counted it is right that he should do that. Now, New York must know just how big a city she is, and must make the State and the nation understand, to the end that her interests of legislation and representation may no longer suffer.

A babe just born in an Iowa community locally known as "New Jerusalem" has been hailed by an exultant set of Free Methodists as a new Messiah. The affected people have gone wild and there is a continuous series of "shouting" revivals. Such among the most curious products of religious super-fervor, and as they are so possible among white people pretending to some degree of education, it is little to be wondered that the untutored redskin indulges occasionally in a wild Messianic craze.

It is not often that one can say anything good of a man's getting drunk, but an instance is just recorded in Illinois where the spree of a messenger saved a woman from being buried alive. It resulted in so delaying the order for a coffin that the supposed corpse had time to return to life. Set one mark down on the very scant credit side for King Alcohol.

The perils of life in Chicago reveal themselves in dire succession. One day there is a threatening prairie fire, another day some other disturbance in the heart of the Western metropolis. This morning's news includes the story of a lonely Chicago pedestrian who strayed inadvertently into a dismal swamp and had sunk to his chin when he was discovered and rescued.

Now that a Montana murderer has got well started on a life sentence, it turns out that the man he killed wasn't the man he was convicted of killing. The victim had been wrongly identified. The case suggests many curious legal points, but of course the prisoner can no longer be held on the conviction obtained according to the original and wrong indictment.

Just as Congress has before it a serious proposal to stop the manufacture of cigarettes by imposing a prohibitive tax, a learned professor rises in Boston to the defense of the paper rolled unsmoked. He declares them pure and less injurious than cigars. A dubious testimonial this

to the quality of cigars which the Professor must have observed at the Hub.

Time does not dim the lustre of PEREN COOPER'S memory in the city which has such substantial reason to rejoice in the product of his philanthropy. His were the practical good deeds for humanity that flow from one very grateful sort of human greatness.

we more police matrons are appointed and only four vacancies remain to be filled. The latest advanced step in a vital city department is thus fairly taken.

Report has it that WANAMAKER made \$1,300,000 out of the Reading deal. Carry the news to ex-Treasurer BARRETT of how stern virtue is oft rewarded.

The Health Board physicians have a stern and dangerous typhus hunt on hand, but there is no shrinking. They are in for the chase to the finish.

"DON GIOVANNI"

A splendid performance of Mozart's "Don Giovanni" was given at the Metropolitan Opera-house, and those who heard it must have realized why this effective and admirable work is so seldom given. It is not often that a company can be organized with stars enough to do the opera justice. Messrs. Abbey and Grau, however, with the magnificent cast of last night, showed the Metropolitan Opera-house people the full beauty of the work. "Don Giovanni's" chances of representation in the future, will be still fewer. For the audience will not be his performance and refuse to accept one less noteworthy.

Edouard de Heuzé's Leporello was a most creditable piece of work, his comedy being most convincing and well directed. Mme. Lili Lehmann as Donna Anna, sang in her usual impressive way. Mrs. Lehmann would have to modify her attire in the scene in which she appears in night robes. Every man's opera-glass was directed energetically towards the stage, while the women turned away in supreme annoyance. Mlle. Van Zandt sang very charmingly. It is a pity that she does not take a few dancing lessons. Her Terpsichorean efforts suggest the use of a pair of stilts. Mme. Albani appeared to be vocally fatigued. She sang the role of Donna Elvira.

The title role, sung by Lassalle, could not have been in better hands. The famous French singer was superb, and his dramatic work was extraordinary. In a few moments he distinguished himself greatly. Her Kalsch did full justice to the two arias entrusted to him. His serene was very neatly rendered. "Don Giovanni," as sung last night, was a treat. It deserved all the applause that a large and discriminating audience did not hesitate to give.

THE CLEANER.

A practical illustration of the difficulties of managing a train was given by Mme. Albani at the Metropolitan Opera-house last night. As Donna Elvira in "Don Giovanni" she had just finished a superb vocal effort when, in turning to make her exit, she stepped upon the train of her dress and the prima donna measured her length on the stage. In response to tremendous applause she reappeared, snuffing and toying, but an encore was, of course, not occasioned for.

They have lively times occasionally in Central Park when some of the animals get loose. Two cub jaguars got loose in the animal house yesterday and there was some biting and scratching before they were secured. A few years ago a Park policeman stationed near the Fifth-ninth street entrance at midnight, saw a dark object creeping along the walk. Investigation showed it to be the largest alligator in the tank which had crawled over the wire railing and started to explore the city.

Tottenville, S. I., is in a state of ferment. The new 300-pound gun presented to the local Fire Department has been stolen, and suspicious looks are just at the Perth Amboy company, which is said to be the largest alligator in the tank which had crawled over the wire railing and started to explore the city.

A new society, to be known as the "Alpha Omega," was organized at the Students' club last night. It is designed to meet the wants of a fraternity for medical students. It is expected that branch chapters will be started throughout the country.

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WOMAN'S WORST SIDE

Why Does She Exhibit It to Her Sisters in Public?

Careless of Others' Comfort, but Jealous of Her Own.

What Shopgirls Have to Say of Their Fair and Proud Customers.

Whatever under the sun is the matter with lovely woman that she is so unlovely to her sister in public?

When she can be angelic at home, why does she assume a war-horse attitude the moment she comes in contact with the world?

Why is she forever setting her teeth, drawing herself up and throwing down people?

Why does she never unbend, never thaw out and never seem anything but a little gracious when asked a civil question by a member of her own sex? Is it jealousy, ignorance, selfishness or suspicion?

A dog will wag his tail appreciatively and a cat will purr in response to the caressing touch of kindness. Smile in the face of a blundered-up baby and the sweet little mouth and eyes will laugh back at you.

But try the same innocent, however admiring glance on the well-to-do beauty, and a thunder cloud will not be more forbidding than her face.

Meet her in the blue-blood stage coming down Murray Hill, and she will freeze you with a stare, and seem to even notice the pickle that must go into the box and can't be reached with condouit grace.

It doesn't make a particle of difference how great the crush is in the street car she will not budge an inch. The other woman may fall and break her neck, but that is her look-out and the little child with her is not to be disturbed.

Take him in her lap for humanity sake? You must be mad!

She is not a nursery maid or a Salvation Army girl to be interested in the masses.

And can't she look daggers at the conductor when he tells her to "move along a little?" and doesn't she give him fits for taking her past her seat?

It is the same thing in the dry good store, on the train, in the ferryboat and steamer, in the theatre lobby, the fitting room and even in the church—man's inhumanity to man is not a comparison to the frigidity of her politeness, the lash of her tongue or the subjugation of her own.

Formerly the ladies dressing-room on the palace and parlor cars were secured by lock and key, and the first traveler who went in held possession. The rest of her sex might rap on the door and rattle the knob till the jumping off place was reached, but until her hair was curled and hands manicured the precious ladies would not admit her.

Now the doors have been taken down and heavy porters put up in their place. It was the only way to secure equal rights for the sex.

Ask the girls in a Broadway candy shop whose customers can afford to pay a dollar for a box of chocolates, what they think of their fashionable sisters, and the answer will be:

"Horrid!"

"Why?"

"Well, they are not nice to us. They think that because we are clerks we haven't any feelings. The swell men are lovely to us. They always know how to treat a girl decently. But the stink-up ladies who put on airs and order us about as if we were born slave girls don't profit by it. We can always stack the candy in the box and make it weigh one or three ounces short of a pound, and in that way a rude woman pays for her insolence."

The groom who stands at the carriage step of a Broadway dry-goods store says he has lots of fun "watching the ladies slide the storm door in one another's faces as they go in and out of the building."

A refined young woman employed in the restaurant of a home for working girls had to give up the position because of the unkindness of the women in charge and the domineering manners of the working women who patronized it.

"I would rather go into a laundry run by a man and starch shirt collars for less pay than have business dealings with women who consider themselves above me."

Little girls and assistants in millinery and dress-making establishments, patronized by the most exclusive women, complain bitterly of unkind treatment at their hands, and a lady's maid employed in the New York Central depot gives it as the result of experience that the better dressed a traveler is the less likely she is to be courteous.

On the highways of the city, the woman who is the better half of the human race verifies the sad fact that woman is not woman's best friend. NELL NELSON.

WORLDLINGS.

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ODD BITS OF CONTEMPORARY HUMOR.

Hard Luck of a Young Fellow Who Saved a Girl's Life.

They are telling a story on a young man in Detroit, which somehow has only recently got into the current gossip, says the Free Press.

It appears that during the past summer he put in a month at a lake resort in the Northwest, and there fell in love with a girl who didn't believe in reciprocity. His persistence, however, was in no wise abated by a thing like that.

One day the girl fell off the dock into the lake, and the young man, being somewhat of an athlete and a swimmer, jumped in and rescued her without much difficulty.

"Now," he said, as the stored dripping on the dock, "I have saved your life and you must marry me."

"Marry me?" she repeated, in bewilderment. "Marry me?"

"It's as simple as you could do," he whispered, putting out his hands to her. "She gave him one look as he stood there all drenched and shabby, and with a monstrous shiver she plunged into the flood once more."

The next time she was rescued by a boy in a bath, and the young man was so mad he sent a bill to her father for a new suit of clothes.

He Wouldn't Show His Ticket.

The man who will not show his railway ticket is a well-known example, says the Pall Mall Gazette.

"I've paid my money and that's enough," he doggedly says, and delays a whole trainful of passengers by his foolish obstinacy.

A very rich man of this description had a season ticket on the Northwestern line. He was well known on it, for his appearance was peculiar, so that his doggedness of conduct was not of much consequence.

On one occasion a ticket collector unacquainted with him made the usual inquiry. "Did you not see my ticket, sir?"

"I must see your ticket, sir," he answered. "I don't know him," said the collector. "It's no use; I know him so well," he said to himself.

Low Rolling in Earnest.

An old farmer in Morgan County, Ind., was busy in his clearing some years ago, writes a correspondent of the Youth's Companion, rolling logs together, stacking brush, pulling stumps and the like, when two hunters emerged unexpectedly from the bushes.

They "passed the time of day" with the farmer, and the younger of them said to his companion:

"Did you ever do any work of this sort?"

"Yes, indeed," answered the second man. "Well," said the second speaker, "so did I, a good many years ago. Let's try our hands at it."

"Agreed," said the judge, and the two men laid a log across, took off their coats and went to work upon the logs with a will. At the end of an hour they had finished their stint and the farmer offered to pay them.

"You mean," the strangers said, "you are welcome to what we have done?"

"My name is John," the judge broke in. "Formerly the ladies dressing-room on the palace and parlor cars were secured by lock and key, and the first traveler who went in held possession. The rest of her sex might rap on the door and rattle the knob till the jumping off place was reached, but until her hair was curled and hands manicured the precious ladies would not admit her."

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PART OF THE PURSE.

A Wife's Right to a Share of the Family Income.

Should She Receive a Salary from Her Husband?

Views of This Question from Many Different Standpoints.

Readers of THE EVENING WORLD are invited to discuss in this column the subject, "Should Wives Receive Salaries?" The views of men and women alike are desired as to the desirability and practicality of regular money allowances to wives by their husbands, as the lawyers say, "to their own use and behoof."

The theory that the wife as head of the domestic affairs of the family is entitled to separate and defined compensation finds many advocates. THE EVENING WORLD desires a consensus of the opinions of its readers.

Letters should not comprise more than two hundred words, should be written on only one side of the paper, and addressed to "WIFE EDITOR, EVENING WORLD, Pulitzer Building, New York."

A golden double eagle will be awarded to the author of the most meritorious letter sent in to the discussion.

Mrs. Jennie M. Loezler, President of Sorosis, has rendered a decision in the "How to Manage a Husband" contest. It will be published, with the winning letter, in next Monday's "Evening World."

Husbands, Try It.

The average man is too much engrossed with business cares to make his wife's pecuniary needs a matter of sufficient importance to be kept constantly in mind.

He is practical in one sense, but usually lacks the knowledge or faculty to save in small sums, and thus take thought for the inevitable rainy day.

Women are natural economists, and the woman who extends her energies in keeping and neatly clothes and herself well clad and in a tolerably amiable mood ought to receive from her husband a monthly stipend.

It would smooth the wrinkles from her brow and restore the roses to her faded cheeks. It would make her step buoyant, would free her heart from all sense of injustice, her voice would be heard in happy carolings indicative of contentment.

Let the lords of creation try it. Begin now. Make the compact with your wife, and don't spend all your leisure time "borrowing" a dollar or two of the well-earned wages—you might "forget" to return it, as husbands sometimes do.

Common Sense Dictates It.

Should wives receive salaries? That depends upon the wives! There's variety in wives as "there is a difference in deacons." Women, being created to match the men, are necessarily foolish; but, considering the average couple, it is surely good financing to give the wife regularly a percentage of the assured family income. Upon home expenditures all experience shows she can beat the man's investing every time. And unless the man is a big he should add to this stipend enough for her personal needs and for such luxuries as delight the heart feminine—over asking an accounting for this part of it.

Even should the plan prove unprofitable in actual dollars saved, which isn't likely, the severe restrictions thus brought about in the home circle is beyond price.

The salary beyond should figure with the income, perhaps being agreed upon for the year at Christmas; and agreement then made as to what sum should go to the savings bank or to the life insurance policy, against possible sickness and death—two important considerations for all families.

Not to salary the wife is to cripple the brain-power at hand, making an absolute necessity of what should be always true: a capable (family) government.

SANCTIFIED COMMON SENSE.